

## **Pregnant 881**

### Chapter 881 They Gave Up on Each Other

She really had to be very lucky to have such parents and such a family. Therefore, she would cherish it.

Monica returned to her room and sent Reese's recording to Jeanne.

Jeanne gave her a big thumbs up.

Having been approved, she was in a great mood. However, as she was lying on the bed, the scene of Finn walking past her appeared in her mind.

She smiled bitterly and made herself accept it.

...

By the time Finn drove from the Cardellini family's villa to Bamboo Garden, it was already 10 p.m. at night.

The fact that he suddenly received a call from Nox meant that it must be a big deal.

When he arrived, he saw Edward and Nox waiting for him in the hall.

After more than 20 days of recuperation, Edward's body had almost recovered.

Finn sat beside them.

Nox said, "Why are you still on the streets so late at night? Are you in a relationship?"

When he called Finn just now, Finn was driving.

Under normal circumstances, Finn was rarely out at night. Therefore, it was inevitable that Nox would tease him.

However, it did not mean that Finn would care about what Nox said.

Nox found Finn rather boring.

"I called you here today mainly to talk about Alex Duncan," Edward said.

As soon as he spoke, Nox's expression turned serious.

On the other hand, Finn had always been serious.

"The other party found Alex Duncan's first residence after returning to South Hampton City. It was the place where I brought him back to recuperate from the ancient region," Edward said bluntly.

"How did they find it? How did they find such a secluded place?" Nox was on the verge of breaking down.

The location, the surroundings, the road surveillance, and so on were all personally arranged by him. He had also done countless experiments, in which no one paid attention to that small villa, and no one could find it. That place was originally a place for the Duncans to hide.

“Never underestimate your opponent,” Edward said coldly.

Nox was still a little unhappy.

It was the displeasure of knowing others had seen through all his arrangements!

“I’ve seen the surveillance cameras hidden in the villa. They picked up a strand of Alex Duncan’s hair,” Edward said. “To put it bluntly, the other party has Alex Duncan’s DNA!”

“Why would they have his hair?” Nox asked.

“Because Alex Duncan doesn’t stay there anymore, the servants haven’t been tidying his room and neglected it.” Edward was not as calm as he appeared, but he never clung to his past mistakes. He would only think about what to do next. “Since things have come to this, the Sanders will definitely take action after getting Alex Duncan’s DNA.”

“There are so many people in Harken. Is he going to compare them one by one?” Nox said sarcastically.

“It’s not that they can’t do it. If they’ve decided to do something, they can do anything. Previously, when the Sanders weren’t sure about Alex Duncan, weren’t they trying to get him anyway? Now that they know about his existence and have even obtained his DNA, there’s no way they’ll give up.”

“Damn it!” Nox cursed. “Why don’t we lay our cards on the table and fight to the death? I refuse to believe we can’t defeat the Sanders after so many years.”

“It’s because Alex Duncan has no chance of winning that he’s been hidden until now,” Edward said bluntly. “The Sanders controls the entire Harken. They have the most power and many resources to use, such as the armed forces of the entire country, the armed forces of other countries, and an underground assassin organization that has always protected his regime.”

“In that case, let’s go to the Delta Islands and wipe the Hills out first.”

“Didn’t you see what happened to M Underground Organization?” Edward reminded Nox.

“That small fry...”

“But it will cause us serious losses.” Edward said, “Now is not the time to attack head-on. What we have to think about now is how to prevent the Sanders from finding Alex Duncan.”

“Alright.” Since they could not fight head-on, Nox would leave the scheming to Edward and Finn.

He did not want to waste his brain power.

“I think the Sanders might start investigating the people around you first,” Finn said.

“Yes.” Edward nodded.

He could not look for a needle in a haystack. He definitely had to demarcate an area to investigate.

“So, the Sanders might use Michael’s wedding on the 15th of this month,” Finn speculated.

“Indeed. Michael and Monica’s wedding is considered a political and business marriage. It will attract many businessmen and politicians. When everyone gathers, it will reduce a lot of work for the Sanders.” Edward had already thought of that.

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“In that case, don’t let Alex go,” Nox suggested.

“He has to go. If he doesn’t go, it’ll be even more suspicious.” Edward denied it. “The Sanders will definitely check the invitation list one by one. Once they can’t find that person at the venue, they’ll lock onto those who didn’t go. This will increase the possibility of Alex being exposed.”

“What if they get the DNA? The Sanders won’t even let a fly go.” Nox was very sure about that.

“That is why we have to think about a way to protect Alex so that the Sanders won’t get his DNA.”

“This is too f\*cking difficult.” Nox was a little speechless.

Finn also thought that it was a little difficult, and that was why he did not give a constructive suggestion.

Suddenly, silence filled the hall.

“Let’s think about how they’re going to get him first,” Finn suddenly said.

“How do you think they will do it?” Edward asked.

“I think no matter how bad the Sanders are, they won’t do anything too overboard at such a huge banquet. After all, the people who come would all be high-ranking officials and nobles. The leader can’t embarrass himself, so he would do it in secret.”

Edward nodded in agreement.

“And the easiest way to get a DNA sample is through the hair.”

“You mean the Sanders will secretly collect the hair of each guest.”

“That’s right.” Finn nodded.

“As long as we pay attention at the wedding and change Alex’s hair out,” Edward said firmly.

“Right.”

“Okay.” Edward made a prompt decision. “I’ve received the invitation to the wedding on the 15th, so I will attend it. Since Alex also received the invitation, he will be there. Nox will come with me. Finn, you’ll pretend to be a hotel staff and sneak in to protect Alex secretly.”

“Yes.” Finn nodded.

“Prepare a strand of hair in advance and be prepared to swap it. Use... hair from anyone on the street.” Edward said, “It can’t be anyone around us. Otherwise, we’ll be exposed.”

“I’ll go to the street to pull a strand of someone’s hair right away.” Nox was a little excited.

“Let me finish,” Edward called out to Nox, who sat down obediently.

"In order to prevent the Sanders from worrying about us, I will bring George along. If anything happens, Nox, help me take care of George," Edward said seriously.

"Don't worry." Nox agreed immediately.

"I repeat, during the wedding banquet on the 15th, Finn is mainly responsible for protecting Alex. We can't let his DNA be taken away. If he is discovered, ensure that he is escorted away safely. Nox will be in charge of George's safety. I will leave everything to you!"

"Okay," Finn and Nox said in unison.

"By the way..." Nox suddenly looked at Edward. "Will the Hills be there on the day of the banquet?"

"Probably," Edward said.

"Will Jeanne come?"

"Perhaps." Edward pursed his lips.

At that moment, the emotions in his eyes were clear.

"If you fight her head-on..." Nox was worried.

Edward would be beaten to death by Jeanne.

"I'll try to avoid it."

"Edward, you and Jeanne..." Nox said with frustration.

"We might," Edward said firmly.

Nox swallowed what he wanted to say.

Anyway, Edward had the final say.

Since he said that he and Jeanne still had a chance, Finn would wish him well.

"It's getting late. You guys should head back." Edward ordered them to leave. "The relevant details have been given, and I'll inform you guys when it's time. Just prepare yourselves."

"Okay."

Finn and Nox left without saying anything else.

Nox sat in Finn's car. It was obvious that Nox drove here, but he was too lazy to drive back.

"Isn't it cruel to have you attend Monica's wedding?" Nox suddenly asked.

Finn knew that the reason why Nox was so enthusiastic about getting a ride from him was definitely not because he was lazy.

"It's not cruel."

"Huh?"

“Yeah.” Finn’s face was expressionless.

“You can really let go, huh?” Seeing that Finn did not have any reaction, he just leaned against the passenger seat with his legs crossed. “I thought you loved Monica a lot.”

“That’s in the past, and that’s why I can let it go. It’s over.”

“In that case, why don’t you teach Edward that? Teach him how to let go of a relationship,” Nox said. “I’m really afraid that he’ll die at Jeanne’s hands sooner or later.”

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“Jeanne won’t kill him,” Finn said with certainty.

“How do you know?”

“Didn’t she tell us to leave last time?” Finn asked.

“If not for Edward’s scheme—”

“If not for Jeanne, would Fourth Master have succeeded?” Finn interrupted Nox.

Nox was rendered speechless by Finn’s words.

“Fourth Master and Jeanne’s relationship is mutual. Neither of them has given up on the other. Even if they were forced to be apart, they wouldn’t kill each other for the other. You don’t have to worry too much.” Finn understood what was going on.

Jeanne would not kill Edward, and Edward would not kill Jeanne either.

Even if they died, they would not die at the hands of each other.

Therefore, there was no need to be wary of each other.

Naturally, their relationship was different from his.

He and Monica... had given up on each other, and only because of that could he let go easily.

...

The days passed quickly.

It was much faster than Monica thought it would be, and the wedding was tomorrow.

Michael had been very busy recently, and the two of them had barely met. However, Michael came to pick her up to try on a wedding dress today.

It was the last day.

Jeannie said that she had to get hold of Michael’s scandal today. Otherwise, Reese alone would not be enough to help her in ruining the wedding.

She and Michael walked into the largest bridal shop in South Hampton City.

The exquisite wedding gowns were so beautiful that it was like a dream.

Back when she got married for the first time, she had come to pick it herself.

Finn did not even look at her. She recalled that when she changed into a wedding dress that she was satisfied with, she called Finn, but he did not pick up.

“Mr. Ross. Ms. Cardellini.” The staff was extremely enthusiastic.

Monica came back to her senses.

Things had been always like the past lately, and most importantly, the past did not make her very happy.

She watched as the staff took out a dazzling wedding dress.

“Ms. Cardellini, Mr. Ross specially customized this for you overseas. It’s personally designed by the top master of wedding dresses, Tom. Every stitch and thread of the wedding dress is handmade. The diamond on the wedding dress is a priceless gemstone that can be polished into a perfect heart shape. Mr. Ross is very attentive to this wedding dress of yours. He even went overseas to supervise it personally,” the staff introduced the dress enthusiastically.

Monica was still a little surprised. She did not expect Michael to go overseas to customize her wedding dress even though he was so busy.

In her heart... The feelings in her heart slowly disappeared.

After all, she should not be touched by insincere love.

“Let’s try it on.” Michael did not say anything else and let her try on the wedding dress.

“Where’s our best man and bridesmaid?” Monica asked. “Didn’t you say you wanted them to try it on together?”

“They should be on the way. Why? Are you looking forward to their gowns more?”

“I just don’t want to be compared to them,” Monica said bluntly.

Michael smiled.

He knew what Monica was thinking, so he said, “Don’t worry, Brie’s dress isn’t as pretty as yours, and most importantly, she’s not as pretty as you.”

Monica’s heart skipped a beat.

She suddenly remembered the sweet words Michael said to her when they were dating.

It was not that she was easily moved. Rather, no one else had said that to her other than Michael.

As a woman, her heart still raced. However, she would not be soft-hearted.

With that, she followed the staff into the changing room.

When they were discussing the details of the wedding, Michael said that he did not want it to be too high-profile, so he would only find a couple of groomsmen and bridesmaids. Monica said her best friend was Jeanne, but Jeanne was not in South Hampton City. Since there were no bridesmaids, she told Michael to find one himself.

Michael thought Monica was not looking forward to the wedding, so he did not put in any effort and did not suspect that she had other motives. Just like that, he agreed to Monica's request.

Unexpectedly, Michael really did look for Brie.

When Jeanne told her that Michael would definitely look for Brie, she did not believe it. After all, she did not know if there was something going on between them. At that moment, she suddenly felt that she was not as meticulous as Jeannie, who could be certain just by listening to her talk about Michael and Brie.

Jeannie explained to her that Michael was a person who pursued perfection. He would not let anyone make a mistake at his wedding, so he would definitely find his most trusted person to help him. From what she said, Brie often being by Michael's side was enough to show that Michael trusted Brie.

It was such deep logic.

Monica did not know when she would be able to learn it. In fact, she felt that she would never be able to learn it.

She finally changed into her wedding dress after a long time.

The moment she walked out, Michael, who was originally talking to the best man, paused for a moment when he saw Monica. He was obviously a little surprised.

Even Monica thought that the wedding dress made her look extremely beautiful.

If it had been a normal wedding, she might have been touched.

"Do I look good?" She smiled.

Before Michael could answer, a female voice behind her said, "It's too beautiful."

Monica turned around and saw Brie.

Brie was wearing a white bridesmaid dress, which was also very exquisite. It was a tube top with a short swing and a fluffy design. It was also very beautiful looking. However, it paled in comparison to Monica's elegant wedding dress.

"Is that so?" Monica smiled.

"All women will be envious of your wedding dress," Brie said sincerely.

It seemed to be just a compliment and nothing else.

"Thank you." Monica smiled politely.

At that moment, Michael walked over and stood in front of the mirror.

He and Monica looked like the perfect match.

The staff around her praised her, and Monica had never been more flattered in her entire life.

Moreover, she realized that there was an imperceptible trace of jealousy in Brie's stiff smile.

She tried on the wedding dress for the entire afternoon.

Monica purposely dragged it out until dinner time. When she was about to leave, she suggested, "Let's have dinner together tonight. I want to get to know the best man and bridesmaid. I also want to talk about the details of tomorrow's wedding. I'm afraid something will go wrong tomorrow."

Michael wanted to refuse.

However, Monica had said it in front of Brie and the best man, so he had to consider the feelings of others, even if they were all his subordinates.

Besides, there was nothing wrong with discussing the details of tomorrow's wedding.

He had been very busy the last few days with many wedding details and did not know much about them. He, too, needed to familiarize himself with the itinerary.

Hence, they agreed to Monica's suggestion and walked into a high-end french restaurant.

They ordered their own food.

Monica watched as Brie cleaned up Michael's tableware naturally. It should have been prepared by the waiter, but she personally prepared it for him.

At first, Michael was very calm, like he was used to it. However, he slowly noticed Monica's gaze and said to Brie, "Get the waiter to come."

Brie smiled and put it down without feeling embarrassed.

Monica did not stare at Brie either as she said to the waiter nonchalantly, "Please open a bottle of red wine."

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There was a dark french restaurant, Monica said to the waiter, "Please open a bottle of red wine."

The waiter acknowledged respectfully.

Michael looked up at Monica.

Monica asked, "Aren't you drinking?"

Michael did not speak, but it was obvious that he had never thought of drinking.

At that moment, Brie tried to smooth things over. "Drink some. Take it as giving you my blessings in advance."

From her words and actions, it was impossible to tell that she did not reject Michael and Monica's marriage.

Michael did not answer, so it was considered tacit approval even though his expression was grim.

The atmosphere at the dining table was a little awkward until their dinner was served.

They each ate their own portion, and the red wine was only served after.

The waiter poured them all a glass.

"I'm going to the washroom." Monica wiped her lips and got up.

The others ate their dinner quietly, and no one took a sip of the wine.

She walked into the toilet of the restaurant and instantly became nervous.

Then, she quickly found the pill under her clothes. It was said that it melted as soon as it entered the water. However, how would she put it into Michael's red wine?

Her heart raced, but she forced herself to calm down.

She had never done such a thing before, but... she had no choice but to do it.

She gritted her teeth and put the pill between his fingers like Jeannie taught her.

She had been practicing for the past few days.

She did not even know how Jeannie knew so much... tricks.

Anyway, it was of great use.

She looked at how nervous she was in the bathroom and then took a deep breath.

Jeannie was right. Everything she did was self-defense, so she should not feel guilty.

Everything she did was to protect her rights.

If Michael had not used any means to force her to get married, she would not be doing that to him.

Once Monica was calm enough, she walked out of the washroom and returned to the table.

The three people at the table were still eating dinner quietly.

After Monica sat down, she casually picked up her wine glass. "Drink some."

"Director Ross can't handle alcohol. I'll drink on his behalf," Brie said bluntly.

That was what Monica wanted to say because Monica knew that Michael could not drink.

One drink would make him drunk, and two drinks would knock him out.

Usually, Brie would be the one helping him with socializing.

That was also why Michael's expression was so ugly when Monica suggested drinking.

It was because he could not drink.

Besides, tomorrow was their wedding, so he probably did not want her to get drunk tonight.

At that moment, Monica watched as Brie reached out to take Michael's wine glass.

Monica said, "You usually drink for Michael during social gatherings, but I don't think it seems appropriate for today's occasion."

Brie felt a little awkward at that moment as her hand froze in mid-air, and she did not pick up Michael's wine glass.

Instead, it was Monica who reached out to take it.

The moment she took it, the pill between their fingers fell into the wine glass and instantly melted.

Monica's heart was racing.

Jeannie had taught her how to place the drug, so no one could tell that she had done it. She had also practiced it to perfection at home. She had tested it in front of her parents, but they did not notice it. However, at that moment, she was still so nervous that her body was trembling, and she was trying their best to hold it in.

She tried her best to look nonchalant and wanted to drink Michael's glass of red wine.

"Give it to me," Michael suddenly said.

Monica's heart beat faster because she had achieved his goal.

Jeanne said that in such an occasion, Michael would never let someone else drink for him. Even if he only took a sip of red wine, he would never let someone else drink for him. Michael also had his pride.

Indeed, Jeanne had guessed everything.

She was the one who had dated Michael for so many years, yet her understanding of Michael was like a blank piece of paper, while Jeannie knew him like the back of her hand.

Monica watched as Michael took the wine glass away from her hand.

He said, "I'll have to trouble the two of you for my wedding with Monica tomorrow."

"Director Ross, you're too kind. It's my honor to be your best man." The best man quickly raised his glass.

Brie glanced at Michael and raised her glass without showing any expression.

It was the same for Monica.

The four of them clinked glasses and took a sip.

After taking a sip, they continued to drink, but Michael did not drink much.

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Michael's self-discipline was terrifying.

On the other hand, Monica had drunk a lot.

Brie and the best man also drank a lot with her.

Michael knew that Monica liked to drink and was sometimes even addicted to drinking.

Therefore, he was used to Monica's actions and would not be suspicious.

After dinner, Monica felt that the alcohol had somewhat gotten to her head.

Her alcohol tolerance was not bad. If she was starting to feel that, the others should not be any better.

Even so, Brie was able to remain calm while not drinking any less than her Monica.

This was probably the reason Michael kept her by his side. Brie could make up for his only flaw in socializing.

They left through the dining room.

Michael felt a little dizzy.

He did not drink much and still felt very dizzy.

Despite that, he did not suspect much because his alcohol tolerance was indeed very poor.

He just could not train it no matter how hard he tried.

He had once drunk until his stomach bled, but it still did not increase his alcohol tolerance.

Later on, he stopped drinking so much and chose to let someone replace him.

As long as he knew how to socialize at the dining table, it did not matter if he drank or not.

“Director Ross.” Brie quickly supported him.

Monica watched from the side.

Michael was in a daze for a second, causing him to fall back slightly. With Brie’s help, he instantly woke up.

“It’s fine.” He remained calm and said to Monica, “I’ll send you back.”

“There’s no need for that. You should go back and rest early. You look like you’re drunk,” Monica said.

At this moment, Michael’s face was also very red.

It was frighteningly red.

Monica knew that the drug had taken effect.

The drug that she had especially found was very slow in coming into effect. Clearly, it was just right at this moment.

Michael still wanted to say something.

Monica had asked the waiter to call a taxi for her and left.

Michael felt a little dizzy, so he did not force her.

After Monica left, Brie said, “I’ll send you back.”

Michael did not refuse.

He trusted Brie very much. The two of them grew up together. After graduation, they entered the Quality Inspection Hall together. Brie was always by his side and was his right-hand man. For countless social nights, she would send Michael back or he would send her back. The two of them cooperated very well at work.

When Brie left, she did not forget to remind the best man of the time to gather tomorrow. She only helped Michael into his car after taking care of everything for him. The hotel boy drove them back.

As soon as Michael got into the car, he fell asleep.

He felt very dizzy, and his mind became blurry.

Brie stayed by his side quietly.

Ultimately, her suppressed emotions were revealed in a place that no one could see.

After so many years...

Brie had liked Michael for so many years, but his attitude toward her was very clear. Other than their working relationship, they were just friends, and they could not cross the line. In fact, Brie had tolerated it for many years and waited for Michael for many years. She had always silently contributed, but in the end, he still wanted to marry Monica.

Brie had secretly investigated Monica. She really felt that Monica was worthless and was not worthy of Michael.

She did not know why Michael must like this woman even though she knew his motive.

She knew very well that Michael would still deal with the Cardellinis in the end, but from a relationship standpoint, he liked Monica, after all.

Brie endured it. She tried her best to endure it.

Tomorrow was Michael's wedding.

It would be his wedding with someone else. In fact, it was very difficult for her to remain calm.

When Brie saw the wedding dress that Michael had prepared for Monica, she felt so jealous that she wanted to go crazy.

What right did the useless Monica have to receive Michael's love?

Brie was filled with negative emotions, causing her face to look distorted.

The car soon arrived at Michael's private residence.

Brie helped Michael get off.

At that time, Michael was a little unconscious. He was lying on Brie's body. With her help, he walked into the neighborhood in messy steps.

No one noticed that a taxi had also stopped at the entrance of the neighborhood.

Monica paid and quickly followed the two figures.

She wanted to go and take many pictures.

Since she had no one to help her, Jeannie let her rely on herself.

Monica, who had never done anything bad before, was extremely nervous.

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Monica took the next elevator to Michael's house.

She had the password to his house.

At this moment, her hand that was pressing the combination lock was trembling.

The door lock opened gently.

Monica walked in.

When she walked in, she heard an abnormal flirtatious sound.

The drug should have completely taken effect.

Monica did not dare to get too close to the bedroom. From afar, she saw the two people in the room rolling together. Michael was very impatient.

Brie did not refuse at all and even cooperated actively.

Monica trembled as she faced the room and recorded a video.

Jeannie said that tonight was the most suitable night to do such a thing.

Firstly, the wedding was tomorrow. When Michael woke up, he would not have time to think about how to make up for this matter. He would only want to hold the wedding first and resolve it later. Therefore, he would not think of any way to deal with it. If it was exposed at the wedding, Michael would have no choice but to cancel it.

Secondly, Brie definitely liked Michael. Michael was getting married tomorrow. No matter how rational a woman was, she would still be controlled by her emotions. Therefore, as long as Michael took the initiative, she would definitely not resist.

Evidently, Jeanne had predicted everything.

Everything that happened tonight was arranged by Jeanne. It was as if she had known in advance and everything was going according to her prediction.

Monica filmed for a long time.

The two people in the room were very engrossed.

Michael's body was now full of medicinal properties, so he could not pay attention to anything else. His body was just instinctively venting the effect.

Brie was too focused on Michael to notice that there was someone else in the room besides them.

Everything had happened.

Monica put down her phone and left quietly.

After leaving Michael's home, she gently closed the door for them.

She stepped into the elevator.

Actually, she was not as indifferent as she thought.

It was not that she really had feelings for Michael.

Michael was not sad that Michael and Brie slept together. When she saw Finn and Patsy together in the past, even when they did not do anything, it was enough to break her heart. Now, her emotions were fluctuating only because she felt that she had schemed against Michael.

She felt a little guilty.

Even though Jeannie had been emphasizing that she was just being on her guard, she still felt guilty for doing something bad.

Monica returned home.

She sent the video to Jeanne.

Jeanne knew that Monica was not stupid.

It was clearly not an easy task, but as long as she did it seriously, she still succeeded.

Jeanne gave Monica a call. "Hold the wedding with Michael tomorrow as if nothing happened. I'll find a way to help you play the video and the recording live."

"Who are you going to ask to play them?" Monica was still a little surprised.

Since it was Michael's wedding, everyone present should have been screened by Michael, so it should be very difficult to bribe them.

If Jeanne failed to bribe anyone and Michael found out in advance, it would be over.

"I'll find someone more powerful than Michael," Jeanne answered but still did not tell Monica who it was.

Monica was even more curious.

"In short, you'll proceed with the wedding tomorrow. Don't think about anything else. Leave the rest to me."

"You're not even in South Hampton City." Monica was still a little angry.

Although Jeanne had been helping her plan, she just could not be by her side.

"I..." Jeanne thought to herself, 'I'll be back.

'But...

'We might not have the chance to meet.'

Jeanne finished her sentence. "I'll definitely be there the next time you're officially married."

If she was still alive, she would participate in the wedding even if she had to risk her life.

Monica could not help but laugh. "There won't be a next time. These are the only times in my life, and both times, I was so wronged."

Speaking of which, Monica was still a little unhappy.

Jeanne smiled as well. "What if there's a next time?"

"Then I'll count on your blessings." Monica did not say much.

If there was a next time, she would fall in love with another man.

Otherwise, she would not dare to enter a marriage hall again.

Monica was scared.

She was really scared.

Monica and Jeanne chatted for a while more before hanging up.

After hanging up the phone, Monica lay on the bed, unable to fall asleep.

Thinking of tomorrow's wedding...

All the major news outlets would be reporting the news of their wedding tomorrow. Everyone would see it, including Finn.

A tear flowed down from the corner of her eye.

Every time she thought of Finn, she still felt uncomfortable.

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Every time Monica thought of Finn, her heart would still ache.

...

The next day, the sky was slightly bright.

Monica had been woken up by the staff to do her makeup.

She estimated that she had only slept for an hour.

Perhaps it was less than an hour.

When the makeup artist saw Monica's swollen eyes, she could not help but exclaim, "Miss Cardellini, your eyes are too swollen. Did you... Cry last night?"

Even if she only drank water, her eyes would not be so swollen.

Monica ignored the makeup artist.

If she remained cool, they could still get along happily.

The makeup artist could sense Monica's emotions and did not dare to offend her. She quickly said, "I'll give you a cold compress. Let's help you change into your wedding dress and do your hair first."

Monica nodded slightly.

She leaned back comfortably in her chair after changing her clothes. There was something cold over her eyes. She was thinking that the bridesmaids had not arrived yet.

Was there... A delay?!

Monica told herself not to show any emotion.

Everything she did was just self-defense. There was no need to feel guilty.

The bride's makeup was complicated, especially Monica's swollen eyes. The makeup artist took a long time to cover them up. Fortunately, her skills were not bad. After putting on makeup, it was almost impossible to see the abnormality in Monica's eyes. After she was done, Brie arrived at her villa and said apologetically, "I'm sorry. I was drunk last night and woke up late. I'll change my clothes immediately."

"It's fine. It's still early." Monica glanced at Brie.

No emotion could be seen on Brie's face.

Last night, when Brie slept with Michael, she was clearly not like this...

No wonder Michael valued her so much.

As expected, the two of them knew how to disguise themselves.

It was impossible to see through their emotions.

Brie quickly changed into her bridesmaid outfit. She hurriedly put on makeup and did her hair.

Monica saw some hickeys on Brie's breasts. Brie had asked the makeup artist to help her with them.

Brie felt Monica's gaze on her.

She quickly said, "I'm sorry. My boyfriend was here last night. They'll be dealt with."

"Really?" Monica smiled. "I didn't even know you had a boyfriend, Miss Larson."

"We're usually too busy with work, so we don't have much time together." Brie played dumb.

Monica did not ask further.

Brie finished dressing up very quickly.

It was about time.

According to the wedding process, Michael should be here in half an hour.

At this moment, many relatives had also come to the Cardellinis' villa.

The villa looked very lively.

“Cousin.” Sarah ran into Monica’s room. She was wearing a pink gown today. It was obvious that she had dressed up meticulously. She looked very lively. “You’re too beautiful.”

Monica’s attitude toward Sarah...

Forget it.

They were all relatives.

Even though Monica did not like Sarah, it was not to the point where she wanted to cut off all ties with her.

“Has your leg recovered?” Monica asked.

“Yeah, in order to attend your wedding, I specially removed all the stents. The doctor also said that as long as it’s not too strenuous, there’s basically no problem,” Sarah replied, looking happy.

Monica reckoned that after she got married, Sarah would be able to chase after Finn even more freely.

‘Finn...’

Monica’s heart ached.

She did not want to think too much about it.

At this moment, Monica was sitting on the bed, waiting for Michael to pick her up.

She used her phone beside her to pass the time.

Sarah was used to her cousin’s coldness toward her. She sat beside Monica and played with her phone.

Monica randomly clicked on a news app and saw the most eye-catching article. It was about her and Michael’s wedding.

She had not planned to open it.

She only clicked on it after seeing Reese’s photo.

It was an interview video.

Reese was wearing a wine-red cheongsam, and her hair was tied into a bun. She looked dignified and elegant, and her makeup was slightly festive. It was obvious that there was a happy event in the family.

“Thank you for your concern about my son’s wedding. Michael is too busy today to thank you in person, so I can only attend on his behalf,” Reese said enthusiastically.

Upon closer inspection, the interview had probably taken place at the entrance of the Ross residence.

“Today’s wedding won’t be open to the public. Dear friends from the media, you don’t have to wait outside the wedding. After the wedding, we’ll send some photos and videos of the wedding venue to everyone. Please cooperate. Thank you,” Reese explained the wedding arrangements.

Chapter 888 While the Wedding Was Going On

The reporters could not hold it in anymore. “Will the chief attend today’s wedding?”

"I can't answer this question for the time being." Reese had always been polite and understanding. She looked dignified and imposing.

"I heard that many people from the political and business world have been invited to today's wedding. Who will be attending?"

"They're just some relatives and friends." Reese tried to play dumb.

"Mrs. Ross, what was the betrothal gift and dowry for Michael and Monica?" A reporter suddenly asked.

"We don't have so many rules. As long as the young couple has a good relationship, there's no need for betrothal gifts or dowries.

"Mrs. Ross, are you saying that the two families don't have any betrothal gift and dowry?"

"We didn't ask for a dowry but had planned to give a betrothal gift. Even so, Monica's parents didn't want it. Their reason was the same as ours. They also said that it was fine as long as the two of them had a good relationship."

...

Monica could not stand it anymore.

Despite that, it was good.

The more she made herself nobler, the more Michael's face would be slapped.

Monica did not have the slightest bit of sympathy for Reese.

She could not wait for everyone to see Reese's disgusting side at this moment.

Monica was a little excited.

At this moment, she heard someone say, "The groom is here!"

Monica's eyes moved slightly.

Sarah quickly put down her phone and tried to close the door.

"Sarah." Monica stopped her. "There's no such ceremony."

Sarah pouted but still obediently returned to Monica's side.

With that, Michael appeared in Monica's room just like that.

He was wearing a white suit.

Michael had never worn white before, but at this moment, he looked exceptionally good.

Monica just looked at him.

She looked at how calm he was, just like Brie.

It was as if nothing had happened yesterday.

Michael could face her very openly.

Similarly, Monica could also pretend that nothing had happened.

Michael walked in front of Monica, looking at her beautiful and dazzling white wedding dress.

The corners of his mouth curved up slightly.

Then, he knelt down on one knee and presented the bouquet of flowers in his hand to her. "Monica, I'm here."

Monica just looked at him.

She looked at the bouquet of champagne-colored roses in front of him.

She suddenly thought of her first wedding.

She remembered that no one had closed the door when Finn came.

There was no liveliness of a wedding.

Finn did not even announce his arrival. He just walked in front of Monica and waited for her to get up from the bed and leave with him to the wedding.

"Monica," Michael called out to her.

Monica returned to her senses.

She smiled. "I've been waiting for you for a long time."

Then she took the bouquet of flowers from Michael.

Michael got up from the ground and approached Monica. He bent over and picked her up from the bed.

Monica instinctively wrapped her arms around Michael's neck.

If...

If this was a normal wedding ...

Perhaps she would be touched by Michael's actions as a boyfriend.

However, this was not a normal wedding.

Even so... She could enjoy it.

At least, this was a wedding.

It was not the same thing that she did many years ago.

Michael put Monica into the wedding car.

The car drove straight to the golf course in the suburbs.

The best man and bridesmaid were sitting with them.

Monica observed Michael and Brie discreetly. From the beginning to the end, the two of them did not have any communication or eye contact.

They were really good at acting.

The car arrived at its destination.

Even though Reese had warned the media not to go to the venue, they still blocked the entrance.

After wasting a lot of time, the car managed to drive in.

Monica was directly sent to the dressing room to change into the main wedding dress, while Michael went to the wedding venue to greet the guests.

Brie stayed by Monica's side the whole time.

The two of them were changing.

After changing into the main wedding dress, Monica sat in front of the mirror and looked at herself.

She was beautiful.

She was dazzled by her own beauty.

Nonetheless, what was the use?

She just could not find a good man.

"Cousin, your wedding dress is even more beautiful." Sarah ran into her dressing room again.

Monica felt that she was like a haunting ghost.

"If only I had such a beautiful wedding gown when I got married. I'm so envious." Sarah was full of anticipation.

At this moment, the image of Sarah and Finn getting married appeared in Monica's mind.

'F\*ck.'

Monica's heart was in so much pain that she couldn't breathe.

"Get out, get out!" Monica waved her hand, somewhat impatiently.

Sarah pouted.

"Oh right, my friend wanted to come and congratulate you in person." Sarah suddenly thought of the purpose of her visit.

Chapter 889 While the Wedding Was Going On

"Who is it?"

"Shelly." Sarah said, "You might not know her, but she's Nox's child bride. That should give you an idea of who she is."

It turned out to be Shelly.

To be honest, she liked Shelly more than Sarah.

“Where is she?” Monica asked.

“Outside the door. I’ll let her in.”

“In that case, you don’t need to come back in after that.” Monica did not give Sarah any face.

Sarah stuck out her tongue and turned to leave.

After a while, Shelly walked in, and she was also wearing a white dress today.

Were Monica’s eyes playing tricks on her? Her impression of Shelly was that she was a little chubby, but now, her figure seemed just right.

However, her face was still too ordinary. She probably would not be able to catch Nox, that playboy’s eyes.

Facing Monica, Shelly was still a little shy.

She said, “Congratulations, Monica.”

Monica smiled. “Thank you.”

“I’m just—” Shelly was a little hesitant.

“You’re feeling guilty about that matter?” Monica immediately thought of Shelly’s purpose for coming.

Back then, she was the one who tipped Monica off to meet Finn. She might have thought that she was trying to match them together, not expecting that they would not get back together in the end. Instead, she married Michael. She might have felt that she had done something wrong out of kindness and felt a little apologetic.

Shelly nodded.

“I’m very grateful to you.” Monica said, “Although it did not go and end well, I never regretted it.”

“I thought I was wrong.”

“No, you’re not.” Monica really had no regrets.

At that time, she felt very fortunate, even though she later felt that it was stupid.

Upon hearing Monica’s words, Shelly was slightly relieved.

During this time, she had been reading the news about Michael and Monica. The two of them had such a good relationship that she even wondered if she had made a mistake back then.

“Oh, right. How are things between you and Nox?” Monica did not want to dwell on the previous matter, so she changed the topic.

Shelly shook her head. “Not good.”

“Don’t have high hopes for Nox. He’s not worth it.”

Shelly bit her lip and did not answer.

“It’s true.” Monica said, “Nox won’t accept you, and you’ll be the one who gets hurt.”

“I won’t,” Shelly replied. For some reason, she somehow trusted Monica. “As long as I don’t like him, I won’t get hurt.”

“You don’t like Nox?” Monica was a little surprised.

No matter what, Nox was still a suave and charming man, so it should be easy for women to like him, especially for a young girl like Shelly.

“I don’t like him.” Shelly did not seem to be lying.

However, Monica still did not believe her.

“I’m just... after his family’s money,” Shelly said.

The moment she said that, Monica laughed.

That was the highlight of her day.

If that egoistic Nox knew that Shelly was only in love with his family’s money, would he faint from anger?

“I don’t think I should have said that,” Shelly muttered to herself as she looked at Monica’s bright smile.

“Don’t worry. I’ll keep your secret.”

“Thank you,” Shelly said.

“I wish you success,” Monica said.

“I will work hard for it.”

Monica was liking Shelly more and more.

Having seen so many hypocritical people in upper-class society, Shelly felt genuine.

Both were 18 years old, yet how was Shelly so much better than Sarah?

“It’s time for the bride to head out and get ready.” Outside the door, the staff member suddenly said.

“Well, I won’t disturb you anymore. I’ll go outside to watch the ceremony.” Then, Shelly added, “You look stunning today.”

“Thank you.” Monica smiled.

After that, she followed the staff out of the dressing room and went to the wedding venue.

She was first brought to a palace-like barrier, and Gary was with her inside. He was also dressed in a suit today and looked quite handsome.

“Tell me, how many times do I have to do this before I can really get you married?” Gary asked.

She did not want to do it either.

At that moment, as the wedding march started playing, Michael appeared on the main stage. He looked closely at Monica, waiting for her to walk towards him.

The gauze curtain in front of Monica was opened.

Accompanied by the wedding march, Monica held Gary’s arm and walked on the red carpet.

In the sky, some flower petals drifted and fell on the lawn. As they landed around Monica, the scene looked as beautiful as a painting.

“You don’t say. Monica is quite pretty when she’s dressed up.” Nox, who was sitting in the audience, suddenly lamented.

He did not sit with the Winters. Beside him was Edward, and beside Edward was little George.

They were all dressed very formally to attend Monica’s wedding.

Just then, a waiter came over to serve them champagne.

“Yes, I do.” Nox raised his head and seemed to be talking to the waiter.

The waiter was expressionless as he lowered his voice and said, “There are a lot of people mixed in, and they are all from the Hills.”

What the waiter meant was that many of the waiters were from the Hills.

Nox turned to look at Edward, whose expression remained unchanged.

Nox took a glass of champagne from the waiter’s tray. There was nothing strange about their interaction from the beginning to the end.

By then, Monica was already in front of Michael.

As Gary handed Monica’s hand to Michael, Michael bowed and brought Monica to his side.

Once Gary left, Monica and Michael faced the priest, who looked at them kindly and began the wedding ceremony.

All the procedures were done accordingly.

“I hereby announce you husband and wife. The groom may now kiss your beautiful bride,” the priest announced.

Everyone at the scene seemed to be waiting for that exciting moment.

However, Michael just looked at Monica, and Monica looked at Michael the same way.

Slowly, Michael bent down and approached Monica to plant a kiss on her lips.

At that moment, flower petals filled the sky. From just a few scattered petals just, the entire sky seemed to be covered with flower petals now. It looked beautiful and spectacular.

A round of enthusiastic applause rang out, and the wedding ceremony was at its climax.

Seeing the scene, Nox could not help but glance to the side. He looked at the disguised waiter, who was looking at the newlyweds indifferently.

Nox smiled.

He remembered that when he attended Finn and Monica's wedding back then, the wedding was the worst wedding he had ever seen. Other than the ceremony, nothing romantic or exciting about it. It was as if they were getting married for the sake of getting married, and Finn only gave Monica a kiss on the cheek.

Nox thought about it carefully.

No woman would choose a blockhead like Finn, so seeing today's wedding, he suddenly understood Monica's choice!

Chapter 890 Humiliated At the Wedding, Michael Is Utterly Embarrassed!

Once the wedding ceremony was over, all the guests made their way to the banquet hall at the golf club to enjoy lunch.

Monica, on the other hand, was once again sent to the dressing room to change into another outfit.

She started to feel a little uneasy.

When was Jeannie going to expose Michael's video? She was not planning to post it once the wedding had ended and they were sent to the bridal chamber, was she?

Monica really did not want to sleep with Michael. She could not even stand the moment Michael kissed her, let alone...

Monica shook her head. She felt that she should trust Jeannie.

However, she was still a little worried. How was Jeannie going to post the video?

Michael had done all the wedding arrangements, and she had not intervened in any of the circumstances, so she did not know where to find a loophole.

That made Monica a little anxious.

"Godmother." Outside the door, a little boy walked in.

Monica saw George.

George was wearing a black suit with a small bow tie, and his hair was especially combed back. Although he was still wearing black-rimmed glasses, he still looked very handsome. He gave off the feeling of a little prince.

Monica beckoned George over, and George obediently walked over to Monica's side.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to congratulate you," George said bluntly.

“So, you still do have some conscience.” Monica smiled. “My love for you isn’t in vain.”

Every time she said she loved George, his face would turn red.

He said, “Godmother, I’ve prepared a wedding gift for you.”

“You’re a good boy, aren’t you?” Monica was overwhelmed by the unexpected favor.

George said, “Lower your head.”

“Huh?” Monica frowned and bent down, thinking that George was going to whisper something to her.

George suddenly planted a kiss on her face, and she heard a loud “pop”.

Monica was stunned.

Did George not hate getting close to anyone?

She looked at George, and it made George blush.

George said, “My mom said you’ll like it.”

“Your mother? Your mom is back?” Monica was pleasantly surprised, but in the next second, she realized that she was overthinking. She muttered, “She told you on the phone, right?”

George did not answer because his mother said that he could not tell his godmother.

“Whatever. I really like your gift.” Monica did not allow herself to be sad.

She then held George’s face and returned the gesture by planting a kiss on his little face with a pop.

George blushed again.

Monica looked at George’s face and could not help but laugh. At the same time, she also could not help but sigh. “I originally wanted to give you a younger brother.”

“Huh?” George looked at Monica.

“A little brother as cute as you.”

“In that case, have one.” George said innocently, “I’ll try my best to... take care of him.”

Monica smiled again.

She felt an inexplicable warmth in her heart as she realized that there were still many people who loved her, even if she was not very smart and sometimes even a little stupid.

She said, “I’m afraid there won’t be many chances in the future. But to me, you’re enough. Come, let me kiss you again before I go out to propose a toast.”

George quickly dodged.

“I’m going out. My mom— My dad is still waiting for me outside.” George quickly corrected himself.

Monica did not notice those details either.

She just watched as George walked away with his short legs.

The smile at the corner of his mouth was still a little bitter.

She used to think that she would have an adorable son and a child with the person she loved.

Just then, someone knocked on the door again, urging her to go out and make a toast.

She composed herself and put on a red, fishtail gown that had a train. The tight-fitting design revealed her beautiful figure.

She had to admit that Michael had put a lot of thought into the wedding.

At least, Michael knew that she loved to look pretty, so he was careful in choosing a wedding dress and gown.

When she walked out of the dressing room, Michael had already changed into a black suit and was waiting for her at the door.

She recalled her wedding a few years ago.

At that time, she thought it was just a formality, but for some reason, it was so deeply etched in her memory that she could remember many details of the wedding.

She remembered she changed into several different outfits during the wedding, and she had chosen all of them by herself. Due to time constraints, she did not get a designer to custom-make the dresses for her. She only chose the wedding dresses that she thought were acceptable and made her look beautiful no matter what. She even chose a few outfits for Finn, thinking that they had to look like a match. Hence, to not embarrass herself, she picked out the outfits seriously for Finn.